

# The Revolution.

"WHAT, THEREFORE, GOD HATH JOINED TOGETHER, LET NOT MAN PUT ASUNDER."

VOL. VII—NO. 11.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 16, 1871.

WHOLE NO. 167.

## The Poet's Corner.

JUNE NINTH.—"CHARLES DICKENS IS DEAD."

### I.

A day in June with sunshine sweet,  
Our English air was filled that day.  
Around the yet green, unripe wheat  
In plenteous vernal furrows lay.

### II.

The apples hang upon the boughs  
Its sheath no filbert yet had burst;  
Unmown the lawns, but in the house  
Our noblest fruit was plucked the first.

### III.

Our crowning sheaf so full, so fair,  
Which slowly mellowing, stately stood,  
Cut down and bound lay garnered there  
A priceless harvest claimed by God.

### IV.

O, mystery of futile breath,  
A sob, a gasp, a hurried sigh;  
O, mystery of sudden death  
How dare we live, how dare we die!

### V.

Grey Abbey, 'neath thy storied spires,  
This consecrated dust enshrine;  
Peal out the welcome of thy quires  
Open for him thy gates divine.

### VI.

Something of sweetness, pathos, mirth,  
With him from all our lives has gone,  
A light has faded from each hearth,  
Our household words have lost a tone.

### VII.

Amongst us men, he stood a man  
Of quicker pulses, larger brains,  
But well he knew the red blood ran  
Alike in all our hearts and veins.

### VIII.

And 'tis for this the nations weep  
The genius which both worlds had spanned,  
Star follows star, deep calls to deep,  
Thou second Shakespeare of our land.

### IX.

Like him, immortal in that tongue,  
The speech of North, and East, and West,  
Where spoken words and written song,  
Our Saxon race's rule attest.

### X.

Grey Abbey! open wide thy gate  
One treasure more we bring to thee,  
In trust supreme, inviolate  
Our Love, His Immortality!

ISA BLAGDEN.

## CHURCH-YARD ROSES.

Yes, they grew where death hath trodden,  
Grew among the grasses sodden.  
While the sexton treadeth down,  
Ere the churchyard paths are mown,  
Saw you ever sweeter flowers?

Say! when hopes are dead and buried,  
Where their corpses cold were hurried,  
Hidden from the cruel sun,  
Spring there not, when all is done—  
Better joys and purer flowers?

MARY AYRAULT CRAIG.

## Our Special Contributors.

### BILL OF RIGHTS FOR WOMAN.

BY MRS. GOODRICH WILLARD.

ARTICLE 1. *Whereas*, Home is declared, asserted, admitted and believed on all hands and on all sides, to be peculiarly and rightfully the sphere of woman, we therefore declare that every woman of mature age has a right to a home that no man shall have the legal right to take from her; a home of which she shall be mistress and owner.

ART. 2. *Whereas*, The office of the mother is declared and admitted to be the first, if not to-day the most important duty of woman, we therefore declare the right of every woman to a husband.

ART. 3. *Whereas*, The character and well-being of children is infinitely more important than that of our useful domestic animals, we do hereby declare the right of the wife and mother to the control of her own person, that her children may no longer be "conceived in sin, and born in iniquity," but in charity, and virtue and honor.

ART. 4. *Whereas*, Inherency and priority of possession, and the personal labor of production, give the mother the highest, best and most indefeasible right to the ownership of her child, we do therefore declare that she has the best right to govern, and control and take care of her children; and

ART. 5. That *Whereas*, Every member of society is the child of woman, we also declare that she has the best right to take care of society, implying at least an equal right with man to legislate for the same.

ART. 6. *Whereas*, A liberal education, including the laws of life, and health and generation, and of domestic and political economy, is necessary to the rightful performance of the duties of the wife and mother, and educator, and legislator, and moral guardian of society, we do therefore declare the right of woman to the best education that our schools and colleges can give, whether it be to fit her for the duties of the mother of society, or for the arts or professions, whenever in any case she may prefer such a course.

ART. 7. *Whereas*, According to law and gospel, every laborer should receive just compensation for his or her labor, we therefore declare that woman has not only the right to equal pay with men for equal or for the same work, but that she has also a right to just compensation for any other work that she performs or may perform, viz.: for her labor as the mother and housekeeper of humanity, or as the legislator and moral guardian of society.

It would require much more space than a newspaper article to discuss and defend all the articles of this Bill of Rights. I shall therefore make only a few general remarks.

Perhaps no one would dispute the right of a

woman to a husband if she wants and can get one; or of the correlative rights of a man to a wife. Nevertheless, there are a great many obstacles in the way of the true realization of these very important rights. It seems to me more important to-day to seek to remove the obstacles, in the way of a true and happy marriage, than to encourage divorce.

It seems to me that society, its men and maidens, husbands and wives, are too much divorced already. Society does not need divorce, but rather truer, better, and happier conditions for the marriage relation, and when these are brought about, we shall not be much troubled about divorces.

In her lecture upon marriage and divorce, Mrs. Stanton cited the facts of history to show that at first, marriage was not even a civil contract, but that its regulation was wholly in the hands of the husband, who took and put away his wife at pleasure; and that, ever since it has been a subject of legislation, it has been merely a civil contract; except in so far as its vows have been made sacred by the action of the church. All honor to the church for this elevating influence. In seeking to make the marriage relation sacred and permanent, the church has commenced a noble work which is only half accomplished. In the past, as a general thing, it has made the marriage vow sacred on the lips of woman while men have thought nothing of breaking its most solemn obligations; until it has come to pass that such noble women as Mrs. Stanton are seeking to destroy this feeling of sacredness in the breast of woman, to overcome her moral scruples that she may escape from its hateful bonds.

And why? Because the marriage laws are so unequal and unjust; because men have been so false to its holiest vow; and because the conditions of marriage are so false and often so burthensome to both parties. I do not blame Mrs. Stanton nor any other woman, for seeking to relieve the unhappy, miserable conditions of marriage. I only think that she makes a mistake in the remedy.

Instead of going back for our rule of action to the merely civil, loose contract of marriage, or to its polygamous condition, both of which belong to the forceful dominion of man over woman, let us take for our instructor, the most natural, simple and innocent relation of the sexes; in which the female animal controls this relation; in which the female bird sits in its own feathered nest, and in which the male so often ministers to her wants and to her little birdlings.

Let us take these simple fundamental laws of nature and elevate them to the highest plane of human intellect; let us bring them under the control of human reason; let us put them under the guidance of our highest moral sense of duty and right; let us sanctify them to the best interests of maternity; and then we shall have marriages that shall give us children who will not be gov-



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erned by passion and lust; a race of children, who as men and women, husbands and wives, will not seek or need divorces; a race that will fulfil our highest ideas of civilization and social happiness.

I honor Mrs. Stanton and the noble work she has accomplished. If she and others had not agitated the subject of woman's rights and wrongs, if they had not exposed the unjust, unhappy conditions of married life, and of woman's false position in society, we never should have sought or found the true remedy for these evils.

All honor to Mrs. Stanton and to her co-workers. Their names will live as long as the earth endures; they will live when those who have abused and vilified them shall be forgotten.

In the matter of divorce the mother is not at liberty to consult merely her own pleasure and happiness, because the interests of the child, and of society, and of the State are in her special keeping. When a woman assumes the office of a wife and mother, she assumes a very great and solemn responsibility; and therefore marriage should be a sacred and lasting covenant.

Nevertheless, every sensible, unprejudiced person must say, that whenever the best good of the mother, and of the child, and of society requires it, divorces should be granted. In the present condition of things there are many cases where a decent and proper regard for the moral well being, and even for the lives of the mother and child, demand divorce. As in the time of Christ, so now, divorces must be granted on account of the hardness and wickedness of the heart; but in the beginning it was not so, neither will it be so in the consummation and fulfilment of the gospel of love and righteousness.

Two things are necessary to give stability to the marriage relation and to home; first, that man should cease to hold woman as his property, and regard himself as her liege lord and master; second, that the wife and mother should not be dependent upon the husband and father for the home that shelters her.

As the wife keeps house for the husband and takes care of him and his interests, she is at least entitled to food and clothing from his hands, as a just compensation for her labor for him. But husbands are not generally very ready to consider themselves greatly indebted to the wife and mother for bringing up a family of children.

On the contrary, a great many husbands consider it a very hard burden to support a family, especially if the majority of the children happen to be girls. As woman produces the material for building up the State, it follows that in her labor as the mother and housekeeper of its undeveloped citizens, she works for society and for the State, and it also follows that she is entitled to just compensation from the State for such labor. As woman is held responsible to society for the moral character and training of its members, the State at least should provide a home for the mother as one of the necessary conditions in bringing up its members in a decent, respectable manner, that she may produce good material for building up the State.

We will not now discuss the way in which his provision is to be made. We will only say that we believe it will come through the settlement of the land question by the labor

movement, the success of which we consider as absolutely necessary to the permanent success of the woman movement.

If by law married women were entitled to a home from the State, it might result that men, instead of women, would marry for a home.

One thing is certain, if we would put a stop to divorces, if we would give stability to the marriage relation, stability to the home, and stability to our Republican form of government, woman must hold her own sphere in her own legal right.

### THE MARSELLAISE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

It was in April of the famous year 1792. In the Mairie, Mayor's house, at Strasburg, sat a little company at dinner—if the frugal meal at which they were collected deserved this name. At that time a great famine reigned in Alsace, and even the table of the burgo-master could no longer display anything but a few pounds of bread and two plates of smoked ham.

The centre of attraction of this orderly, and in spite of outward scarcity, lively circle, was a young officer, who, for a few months, had been in garrison at Strasburg. He was the son of a not over rich lawyer, born in 1760, in Lous-le-Taunier, an adjoining town of Jura, and was then in his thirty-second year. From his outward appearance, one would have thought him at the most twenty-six years of age. His beardless, rather pale face, his dreamy eyes, an almost shy expression about his small mouth, made his appearance even somewhat effeminate. But this impression was lost as soon as he opened his lips. His conversation was full of spirit and energy, and when he gave vent to his enthusiasm for the affairs of France and the revolution through his impassioned words, his whole person seemed to electrify, and the company that mostly consisted of young ladies, listened to him with breathless attention.

The young officers name was Claude Joseph Rouget de Lisle. A two-fold talent, the gift of a poet and a musician, had quickly gained him entrance into the best families of Strasburg. But, before all others, in the house of the burgomaster Dietrich, a finely cultivated and patriotic man, had he become most valued and beloved.

Dietrich's wife and her young friends belonged to the most ardent adherents of the new era. The warm enthusiasm of Rouget for the great principles of 1789, for fatherland and freedom, found a ready response in their hearts. Every patriotic melody that arrived from Paris was devoured with a real canine appetite in the Mairie.

If words were only placed before Rouget, he would seat himself at the piano and improvise an appropriate melody, and *vice versa*. Old fatherland songs were brought out of the dust of forgetfulness, and newly learned.

Madam Dietrich had a charming voice; one of her friends played the harp, and so a heart, felt bond of confidence and affection united the enthusiastic young people.

The company had ended their frugal meal. They talked of the approaching campaign. The army was to break up on the following day.

"Listen, Rouget," said Dietrich, while he

uncorked a bottle of wine, the last in his cellar. "You are a poet and a musician in one person. You might compose something suitable for us that would be worth singing. They send us from Paris nothing but rubbish—take it not ill, dear wife—pure street ballads, without elevation or character, guitar melodies with impressive words. Compose a sensible battle-song for our army! I know you can, if you will. Here, drink the necessary inspiration in this splendid Rhine wine." With these words he handed to his guest a glass full of sparkling gold. Rouget de Lisle blushed.

"You have a high opinion of my talents," said he, hesitatingly.

"Nonsense!" answered Dietrich, "we know better than you do yourself what you can do. Begin the thing at once, and I will guarantee the result."

"But remember, day after to-morrow early, we are to be ready to march. How can I find time?"

"Time enough, my dear Rouget. I will wager any price that you can have it finished in two hours. To work! you have this evening."

"This evening!" repeated joyfully the whole company, and clapped their hands, "Well, Rouget, compose for us a battle-song and to-morrow we will sing it in chorus. So shall you celebrate your departure. A battle-song, a battle-song!"

The young girls surrounded the poet with stormy eagerness, and did not cease to flatter and coax him until Rouget promised that he would, at least, make the attempt. The excitement of the company increased every second. "Long live the revolution! Down with the tyrants!" echoed from all sides, and when Rouget de Lisle finally left the house of his friend, and stepped into the still, dark street, a whole army of unborn melodies seemed whirling in his heart and head.

He came past the Domplor, where the cannon, placed in close rows, shone by the light of the lanterns. Army furniture of all kinds, baggage wagons, arms, horses, raised him, if it were possible, to a more exalted frame of mind. Scarcely master of his own thoughts, he rushed up the stairs to his humble attic room. Hastily he opened the piano; his fingers, as if in a fever, glided over the keys. Murmuring chords flowed from the wildly exercised strings. Words attached themselves to the music. Rouget de Lisle sang and played—played and sang. Sometimes the melody was the original and the words the accompaniment; sometimes his fancy first unfolded the thought, then the accompanying music. The whole came to him like a higher inspiration; the Marseillaise was finished without its composer having touched a pen. Exhausted his head sank upon the piano. He slept, and awoke just at daybreak. It seemed to him as if he had dreamed. Wearily he sought to bring back again the recollections of the night. He succeeded after a few hours of the greatest exertion. Still he filed away here and there, and wrote out carefully "The Song of the Rhine Army," as he entitled his poem. Then he hastened to Dietrich. He found him in the garden. The company of the day before was at once assembled.

One of the young ladies seated herself at the piano; Rouget stepped forward and sang. At the first verse tears rushed to the eyes of the excited friends of freedom. When Rou-



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get had ended, the excitement reached the height of delirium. France had a national hymn!

The "Song of the Rhine Army" was soon spread through all the provinces of the land. The soldiers of Marseillaise sang it first on their march, hence the name "Marseillaise," that in time quite took the place of the original. When the new battle-song was executed for the first time on the Dompier, in Strasburg, the excitement aroused by it was so powerful that three hundred volunteers were enrolled in the court house. Rightly could Carnot say to the composer of the Marseillaise, "Your song has given a hundred thousand defenders to the Republic."

### UNWORTHY LOVE.

BY C. D. G. P.

Being an humble worker in the vineyard, and having no special gift with tongue or pen, and yet feeling my heart burn within me to do something for the cause of woman, I have felt there was one way in which I might reach the hearts of man and woman, and that without offending the prejudices of friends who are so in love with the old-fashioned type of womanhood that they cannot with patience see one in whom they are interested stepping out of that very contracted "sphere" which has been marked out for her from time immemorial. The method I have used, and I recommend it to others, is the distribution of Mills' book on the "Subjection of Woman." I have sent, as a New Year's gift this year, a copy of this work to every gentleman of my acquaintance whom I consider prejudiced against or indifferent to the question, with a request that it might be carefully read and an opinion of its contents returned. In some cases, conversion has been the result; in others, "conviction of sin" only. In a few cases, page upon page of objections have been received in reply, but, at the same time, an acknowledgment of an interest never before felt in the question. It has been a very interesting study to get at the ideas of individuals of every shade of intelligence, education and culture on this subject. There are in our midst, however, some men who are fossilized to a degree almost inconceivable.

In one case, a very intelligent, refined and highly educated man denies the efficacy of suffrage to improve the condition of woman, declaring the remedy to be worse than the disease; and after proving this to his own satisfaction, he proceeds to give what he considers the Bible idea of the family. "The Scriptures," he says, "do not consider the man and wife as two individuals, but as a unit." In this connection, he goes on to say, "Love is the great unifier and harmonizer. The central cause of discord in the family lies here. The present age has witnessed a greater disruption of family ties than former generations because we are more material, more practical, more devoid of reverence for things sacred and things divine. Here is the grand secret of half the talk about woman's rights. Love has ceased to warm the family bond and keep it alive and throbbing. Mr. Mill may galvanize on the outside of human life as much as he likes; but it is here at the heart of humanity, that the life needs quickening. What the force of gravita-

tion is to the material universe that love is in society. Love is the great loadstone," etc.

To point this moral he refers to a tale in *Puckard's Magazine* for February last, by Eleanor Kirk. He says: "You will find in the magazine I send you herewith a striking illustration, perverted though it be, of the point I am making. A poor woman, whose husband was a brute, testified to the majesty of this kingly power of love. 'Bad as he is,' said she, 'I would rather live with him in this little room; rather be his wife than the wife of the richest and best man in the world—because I love him!'" The story to which he alludes is the old story of want, starvation, and abuse heaped upon the head of this woman by a drunken husband, who forces her to give up the scanty pittance she has earned by her needle, and leave her children to suffer the extremities of cold and hunger. Now, does it seem possible that a refined, intelligent and well-educated Christian man could for a moment admire such a sentiment as that? He might pity and forgive it, but that he could in his heart consider such *spaniel love* as dignifying and ennobling either the giver or the receiver seems incredible. Think you, if the victim were his sister or his daughter, he would be satisfied with such reasoning on her part? No, it is only the general principle of the submission of woman which he admires. "a little perverted," he allows in this particular instance, but still to be commended, according to the old-fashioned idea that a woman, to be really lovely, must be willing to give herself up, soul and body, to her husband, whatever he may be.

In the city where I live a woman has been lately placed in the State Prison, who, till the commission of the crime which brought her there has been well and favorably known in her own circle, which is a very respectable one. Her crime was an attempt on the life of a woman who had destroyed the peace of her home. Her jealousy was well founded, and in a moment of insanity, she shot her rival with the same pistol with which her husband had threatened her own life. I mention this case because this unfortunate creature is a victim of the same kind of love. She is so infatuated with that man that she could die for him, or, worse than that, live to be abused by him; but she cannot tolerate a rival in his affections.

It would seem to human reason that God, in His infinite mercy, would take away from the heart of woman that all-absorbing passion when the object proves so unworthy, and give in its place a stony indifference which might enable the victim to pass through the flames of such a trial unscathed; yea, without the smell of fire on her garments; but alas! alas! we know such indifference is often denied!

God grant the enfranchisement of woman may be hastened, and that the time may soon come when, in the words of Mrs. Stanton "there will be a long line of petty tyrants who will find no angels at their hearthstones to weep over the fantastic tricks that make pandemoniums of so many homes to-day."

GEN. CHARLES WARFEL.

BY E. T. H. G.

DIED in Cadiz, Harrison Co., Ohio, February 2d, 1871, Charles Warfel, aged 64 years. "Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery. He cometh up and is cut down like a flower; he fleeth as it were a shadow, and never continueth in one stay. In the midst of life we are in death."

Perhaps, never more forcibly was this great truth impressed upon our minds than when a few days ago we heard of the death of him who is the subject of this sketch, Gen. Charles Warfel. On the twenty-third of January he was taken sick with typhoid pneumonia, and after a short though severe illness of twelve days, bade farewell to this world and entered upon the rest prepared for the people of God. We wish we could with our pen pay him the loving tribute that our hearts dictate; but we cannot, language fails us; we can only give a short and very imperfect sketch of his long and useful life.

For nearly forty years he had been a member of the United Presbyterian Society in this place, and not a member merely in name, but an efficient elder; he always had the good of the church at heart, and was a zealous worker in the cause of religion. To quote from the *Cadiz Republican*: "His character was not such that anything could be added to it by saying he was a member of a church, for the church was honored in his membership." He was one of the founders of the Sabbath-school in the church with which he was connected. Gen. Warfel was always foremost in every good word and work, and in all matters of business interests or moral reform, he could be looked upon as a firm supporter; and we can but feel that in his death the society of this place has lost one of its truest lights. I copy again from the *Cadiz Republican*: "He was one of a class of men which, though few in number, exists in almost every community, which stands for the highest and most advanced thought of the times; a class which, though not always appreciated by the multitude, still makes possible the realization of the best hope of the world."

Mr. Warfel was to Cadiz what Thos. Garrett was to Wilmington, Delaware, and it seems a striking coincidence that two men so nearly alike, not only in physical structure, but holding the same views through life in regard to reforms, and such hearty co-workers in the same causes, should have ended their life labors so nearly together. Like Thomas Garrett, Charles Warfel was a staunch abolitionist, and many slaves were indebted to him for a clear passport out of the reach of cruel masters. He was a man of strong determination, and with a clear perception of the right he adhered to it firmly, not allowing its unpopularity to swerve him an inch. He was a man in advance of his time in all reforms, and well calculated to lead in any cause he espoused.

A Radical on the slavery question, temperance, and woman's suffrage, he was ever ready to defend the right, yet always so courteously and kindly that even his opponents could but say, "Almost thou persuadest me to embrace thy belief."

In this great and glorious reform that is now agitating the whole civilized world, the cause of woman suffrage, he took a deep and active interest.

In this place woman's suffrage is very unpopular. Those who favor the movement are a mere handful; but in our earnestness to help along the cause we organized an association, and no one less than our lamented friend, Gen. Warfel, accepted the Presidency and conducted our meetings in opposition to public opinion. The place is vacant, the Chair is empty; but his memory will ever be kept green in the hearts of the members of the C. W. S. A.

In his death our community has lost a citizen who endeared himself to all by his exemplary life; the church, an active, zealous worker; his family, an affectionate, loving husband and father; and we, our President, a noble friend; one who ever had our good at heart; one who was just as eager to push along the car of suffrage as ever he was that of abolition.

As we looked for the last time upon his features, so peaceful in death, this came to our minds: "I heard a voice from Heaven, saying unto me, 'Write, From henceforth blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; even so saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labours,' and we reverently bowed our head and said Amen."



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### Notes About Women.

—High Training—Haughty-culture.

—The King of Siam has sixty-seven children.

—Alice Cary bequeathed all her property to her sister Phoebe.

—Madame Ristori has purchased a palace in Milan.

—A Springfield girl accuses the men of painting their faces.

—"Make me a jacket of Pa's old coat," is the latest song.

—Mrs. Bismarck doesn't go into society much.

—Miss Lizzie Watson has been elected Supervisor of Schools at Pittston.

—Many a child has been made deaf for life by a brutal mother "boxing the ears."

—The Music of the "Spheres"—Songs about woman's rights.

—Missouri wives can now hold property independent of their husband's liabilities.

—Miss Pauline Markham is about to abandon the stage to give herself to novel writing.

—Queen Isabella has at last surrendered all hope of restoration to the throne of Spain, and has gone to Vienna to live.

—One woman in Jackson County, Ind., has sent to market during the past year 1,500 dozen eggs.

—Miss Edith O'Gorman is still lecturing to immense audiences in the New England States.

—An astute Virginia editor has discovered that the object of Woman's education is "bread and shirts."

—The way to speak and write that shall not go out of fashion, is to speak and write sincerely.

—Dr. Deems is lecturing in the Church of the Strangers, on courtship and marriage. Does he deem it well to marry?

—Dante's "Divina Commedia" is being translated into Roumanian by the Roumanian poet, I. Eliades Radulescos.

—Mrs. Clara Nash, of Columbia, New Hampshire, after studying law with her husband, has become a Justice of the Peace.

—A Recently-wedded pair in New York received as presents four grand pianos, and talk of renting out three of them.

—Sappho delivered lectures on the "Complete Equality of the Sexes" for 1,000 drachmas per night.

—A little girl, sent out to hunt eggs, came back unsuccessful, complaining that "lots of hens were standing around doing nothing."

—Miss Ida M. Smith is the name of a young lady reader who, it is said, gives promise of attaining future excellence.

—A beautiful little maiden in Nashville discouraged her lover until he lost both legs by an accident, when she married him without a murmur. Wasn't that like a woman?

—A young lady who was boasting of her teeth was asked if they were natural or artificial. "Neither," was the reply; "they are gutta percha."

—Mark Twain, describing a party, says:—"Mrs. W. M. was attired in an elegant *pate froie gras*, made expressly for her, and was greatly admired."

—Miss Frances E. Willard, of Evanston, Ill., a writer of some celebrity, has been appointed President of the Evanston College for Ladies.

—Youths in Seville, Spain, make love through a hollow tube, which reaches to the ear of their innamoratas, while they stand in the street beneath.

—Harriet Martineau has written and published altogether not less, it is said, than 300 volumes and pamphlets, nearly half of them since she was fifty years of age.

—A woman in Mississippi last season cultivated with a mule ten acres of corn, ten acres of oats, and ten acres of wheat at an expense of \$200. The value of the crop was \$600.

—A daughter of Dr. Howe, one of the San Domingo Commissioners, has written a fine thanksgiving poem expressive of her joy on hearing of the safety of the Tennessee.

—Lady Wilmot-Horton, famed in youth for her beauty, and the original of Byron's well-known lines, "She walks in beauty," is just dead, in her 83d year.

—Lillie is the fashionable name for young ladies this year, as we learn from a New York society journal. No family should be without it.

—A court dress of the unfortunate French Queen, Marie Antoinette—an elegant royal purple of rare workmanship—is offered for sale in Charleston.

—Mr. Lecky, author of the "History of European morals," is about to marry the Baroness Van Dedman, lady in waiting to the Queen of Holland.

—A New York working girl writes to the *Sun*, offering to sell her hair to some one who can better afford to wear a good head of hair than she, for \$100. It is a yard and a quarter long, thick and of a light brown color.

—Dr. Dio Lewis says: "A man who selects a wife as a pet, a toy, is very likely to have the same sort of preference for a *petite* wife that he has for a *petite* black-and-tan. This is the source of the preference for little women."

—When Miss Evans wrote *Adam Bede*, being then only partially known to fame, she sold it unreservedly to the Blackwoods for some £300, but such was its immense success that her publishers afterwards presented her with a check for £1,500.

—Many ladies in the Washington fashionable world, we are informed, have joined the ranks of the Woman Suffragists. Among them may be named Mrs. Gov. McCook, Mrs. Senator Ames, and Mrs. Dr. Newman, whose husband is in charge of the Metropolitan Church.

—Mrs. "Edward Livingstone," was the title of a paper read last week before the New York Historical society, by Mrs. Martha J. Lamb. About 100 persons listened to the reading. If we mistake not this is the first occasion on which such a privilege has been accorded to a woman.

—Victoria, wife of the Crown Prince of Prussia, is declared to be as economical as her mother, the Queen of England, and to be greatly assisted in her financial conservation by her husband. The princely pair are reported to save nearly a million thalers a year out of their income.

—A singular bill is before the Assembly at Albany. It proposes to allow the losing defendant in a divorce suit to marry again, at the discretion of the Court, after three years have elapsed from the date of the decree.

—Miss Cornelia Jefferson Randolph, a grand-daughter of Thomas Jefferson, died recently in Virginia at the age of seventy-three. She was the fourth of the Randolph family who have died within a few weeks.

—Dr. Dio Lewis thus addresses girls:

"Why not a few of you, instead of sitting four hours a day on piano stools, weakening and distorting your spines; why not just a few of you, by way of variety, cultivate this beautiful, classic, queenly art of walking? You have no idea how, to use a Yankee phrase, 'it would pay' as an attraction."

—Miss Chase, daughter of the Chief Justice, is now engaged in finishing an exquisite series of illustrations of Jean Ingelow's "Songs of Seven." They will be published by the firm of J. R. Osgood & Co., in a style suited to the rare and delicate genius of the author and artist.

—The latest specimen of female enterprise in New York is that of Martha L. Smith and Ada M. Gleason, telegraph operators, who have built a city telegraph line, opened offices on Broadway at the Grand Central Hotel and other places, purchased a portion of the Manhattan Company's wires, and will co-operate with all the opposition lines.

—They have a smart girl in Marth's Vineyard. A little six year old girl, daughter of a Methodist minister, committed a fault, and denied it. Her mother, learning she was guilty, asked her why she told the untruth, when she replied with great *sang froid*: "I should not, if I believed as you and father do, but I am a Universalist."

—Of forty-eight Sisters of Charity tending the small-pox patients in the Bicetre Hospital at Paris, eleven died of the hideous malady. Volunteers from the sisterhood were called for to fill their places, and thirty-three instantly responded. Many a man has borne himself bravely enough upon the battle-field, who would shrink from such a trial of courage.

—Woman's rights have invaded the Blue Room of the White House. A correspondent writes: "There is no doubt about Mrs. Grant's conversion. I was amused at seeing the mild, lovely face of Mrs. Paulina Davis hovering around Mrs. G. at a recent reception, and I think she was well pleased with Mrs. Davis' notice of her."

—The New York Mail says the latest move of charitably inclined ladies, when they get up any entertainment, is to send to any individual whom they desire to subscribe, a circular, telling him he is expected to take so many tickets, and that unless he writes to the contrary they will send them to him.

This is a practice of which refined and high principled ladies had better think twice before they undertake.

—The last number of the *Golden Age* has the following:

"A Memorial Window to Alice Cary is to be put in the Church of the Strangers, to which she belonged, and from which she was buried; and subscriptions for the purpose will be received by our principal booksellers. But no window will admit such soft, sweet light as beamed through her transparent mind, and suffused everything she wrote with tints as beautiful as they were many-hued. By the way, why will not her publishers gratify her numerous friends with a Memorial Edition of her writings, edited by some competent person."



## The Revolution.

—The Chicago *Republican* says: "Mary Clemmer Ames—who knows something about art, and isn't bilious and jaundiced and jealous, like the homely male and female old ladies of the New York *Tribune*—likes Vinnie Ream's statue of Lincoln. She says the expression is the same he had at the funeral of General Lander, the same week that his 'Willie died.'"

—Mrs. Annie McDowell the clever lady writer for the Philadelphia *Sunday Dispatch*, owns that she is indebted to THE REVOLUTION for enabling her to discover an inebriate asylum, for women in the vicinity of that city, thus illustrating the melancholy truth that our neighbors are obliged to come to New York, to find out what is going on under their own noses.

—Miss Macey Middlebrook is the name of the smart Virginia girl weighing only 123 pounds, who last year raised 5000 head of cabbage, bringing in \$225. Christmas Eve she sold, in the Lexington Market, in Baltimore, over five hundred pounds of turkey, of her own raising, at twenty cents per pound, and since the 15th day of October last, has knitted over three dozen pairs of socks.

—The statement that Mr. Mill's "Subjection of Women" had not found a translator in France or Germany is incorrect. The *Athenaeum* learns that a lady of Berlin has already published a translation of it, under the title of "Die Horigkeit der Frau," and that a professor at Gratz has presented the public with extracts from "The Subjection of Women" (in German). There is also a French version.

—A committee has been formed in Monmouthshire, England, for the purpose of obtaining suffrage for female householders. The Secretary to the Committee is Lady Amberly, and Lord Amberly, Mrs. Oakley, Mrs. Hamilton, Miss Williams, Miss Jones, and Miss E. Jones, form the committee, with power to add to their number. Petitions for the Woman's Disabilities Bill are being extensively signed in Monmouthshire.

—A remarkable document has appeared in the City of Mexico, purporting to be from the ex-Empress of Mexico to the new Queen of Spain. It is supposed by many to have been written by Castelar. The following passage occurs in it: "The history of to-day mentions four women dethroned in less than two years: Sophia, Queen of Naples; Carlotta, Empress of Mexico; Isabella II., Queen of Spain; Eugenie, Empress of France. The history of to-morrow will speak of five women; the fifth will be Maria Victoria; the fifth will be yourself."

—Miss Becker, the editor of the Manchester *Woman's Suffrage Journal*, prints the following: "We have received the following communication from a member of the House of Peers, whose mind we have been endeavoring to improve by offering him our journal. We give it *verbatim et literatim*, omitting names ——— Castle.—Sir,—I am desired by the Earl of ——— to state that his Lordship does not want the *Woman's Suffrage Journal* sent to his Lordship any more.—Your obedient servant, ——— We regret that the *does* should prove so unpalatable to his lordship, as we think it might improve the standard of education at ——— Castle in more ways than one.—Ed. W. S. J."

—An old lady of Martha's Vineyard, named Nancy Luce, who is said in her youth to have been a belle, a beauty, and a famous horse-woman, owing to a love disappointment, has lived alone for many years with an immense flock of hens. The interest of her life turns on the laying of an egg—the hatching of a chicken. All the world's a barn-yard to her, and when her feathered favorites die she is said to erect marble tombstones over their remains.

—The *Golden Age*, Mr. Theodore Tilton's new paper, is winning golden opinions on all sides. The initial numbers are marked by brilliancy, taste, and culture of a high order. The editor offers his paper for the free discussion "of all living questions of church, state, society, literature, art and moral reform." The broad, hearty catholicity of its views, places it in a heretofore unoccupied journalistic niche, and commends it to liberal, fair judging people, of whatever name or creed. We heartily rejoice that the Woman Cause has been reinforced by so powerful an ally.

—Miss Nettie Chase, soon to be married to William Sprague Hoyt, is not only one of the most talented, but one of the best loved young ladies of Washington. She has long been one of the Sisters of St. John's Church a society of unmarried ladies, who spend alternate months in the Orphan's Home, nursing the sick children of the poor. A few mornings since, Miss Chase slipped into the hands of one of the "sisters" a fifty dollar note, saying, that although she must soon pass from the Society forever, that it could never pass from her love.

—We wish to call particular attention to Dr. O'Leary's classes in Anatomy, Physiology, and Hygiene, at 11 Clinton Place, New York. His advertisement will be found in another part of our paper. Women in the mass, are deplorably ignorant of the structure of their own bodies, and the simplest laws of health. Some of the worst moral and social evils result from this very fact; and we heartily urge the ladies of this city to attend these valuable lectures by a gentleman well and widely known.

—The following advertisement appears in the New Bedford *Mercury*:

"INSTRUCTION IN COOKING.—Ruth Russell is ready to receive scholars for instruction in cooking. Special attention to be given to bread making and pure, good yeast. N. B.—Persons at service can receive instructions in one or all the various branches of cooking on favorable terms."

We need a dozen just such women as Ruth here in New York, to instruct our Biddies, who are slowly poisoning us with lumps of indigestion in wretched mixtures of all descriptions. May kind Providence send them speedily.

—A writer to the *Evening Post* claims for Mrs. DeKroyft, who was stricken with blindness some years ago by a series of terrible afflictions, the highest praise as a speaker and writer. He says:

"Her style is at once that of a natural orator, and having the perfect mastery of her subject, a wonderful flow of language, and a voice full of magnetizing sweetness, she is without the least exaggeration irresistibly persuasive, and can never fail to awaken in the minds of all who hear her a profound respect for her abilities."

"The Soul of Eve" was very modestly announced as a lecture, but it was a poem of the highest order, full of the richest sentiment and the loftiest description."

—Miss Jennie Collins is before the Legislature of Massachusetts, asking for \$5,000 to help her establish a home for poor girls in Boston, many of whom are out of employment, and sure to go to ruin if something is not done to save them. Prof. Agassiz is also asking for a large appropriation to fit up his Museum at Cambridge. Some of the country papers are inclined to sneer at his proposal to use the public money for collecting bugs and fishes, while there is so much poverty and destitution abroad. The great State of Massachusetts is amply able to build both a scientific museum, so that its scholars shall not be driven to study in Europe because of the poverty of its educational endowments, and also to give our noble Jennie Collins twice the sum she asks for her industrial school.

—Some fossil, probably belonging to the silurian period, has been reducing his creed on the subject of a good wife, to the following articles:

*Firstly*—She should be like a snail to keep within her house; but she should not be like a snail to carry all she had on her back.

*Secondly*—She should be like an echo, to speak when spoken to; but she should not be like an echo always to have the last word.

*Thirdly*—She should be like a town clock, always to keep time and regularity; but she should not be like a town clock, to speak so loud that all the town may hear her.

To which we append the following:

*Firstly*—A good husband should be like a fire, to warm and comfort his family; but he should not, like a fire, consume his substance in smoke.

*Secondly*—He should be like a fish to swim gaily on the tide of prosperity; but he should not, like a fish, drink up that wherein he swims.

*Thirdly*—He should be a staff to support his family; but he should not be a staff to beat his wife when he comes staggering home from a carouse.

—A sprightly writer to the New York *Standard*, on the ferryboat question, seems ignorant of the fact that THE REVOLUTION has been the most grievous thorn in the side of the Union Ferry Company, concerning the shameful way women are treated on the Brooklyn boats. The fact might as well be kept in mind that we made a personal appeal through our columns to the officers and directors of the company, pointing out the grievances of women, and asking directly that they be done away with. The writer to the *Standard* opines that if both sides of the boat were opened alike to men and women, the men would leap over the chains while the women being hampered by their skirts would thus lose all chance of getting seats and be worse off than they are at present. The proposition made by the *Tribune* some time ago, that the Company erect gates and thus insure the safety of life and limb to the thousands who cross on their boats, would entirely do away with this objection, and kill two birds with one stone. We have only the faintest hope that this wise and timely suggestion will be carried out. The directors doubtless prefer to button their pockets and continue the good old-fashioned system, allowing heedless people to walk into the river, and the women of two cities to plead in vain for the merest dole of Justice. God bless the old gentlemen!



# The Revolution.

## Our Mail Bag.

### MORE SIGNS OF PROGRESS.

WASHINGTON, March 4, 1871.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

Recently I dined with the talented Bishop Simpson of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and at the table were several other prominent literary men. The subject of Woman Suffrage being under discussion, the Bishop warmly advocated the cause, and he said that he made up his mind twenty years ago that no great temperance or other social reform could ever be instituted in America until the ballot is given to woman. The President of one of the principal male colleges in the country, turning to me, said: "I believe in women having a voice in all church and temperance questions, but I don't wish to see them mixed up in politics."

I brought an old argument to bear upon him, but one, the incontrovertible truth of which, makes it always unanswerable. I told him that as long as women have to pay equal taxes with men, and be governed by the same laws that govern men, they have an equal right to say who shall decide the amount of that taxation and make those laws. Of course, this argument had been sounded in his ears time and again, but somehow it seemed to take a strong hold upon his mind that day; and it is to be hoped that the busy brain of the learned divine will be able to compass the idea of woman's undeniable right to the ballot. But if he is not in a hurry about it, the idea will have become an overwhelming fact, and he will see that woman's undaunted labor has won the victory over ignorant prejudice and political tyranny.

Not long ago, Judge——, having learned my views on the woman question, called to have a little chat with me about it, and, as he grasped my hand, he said, "it always does my heart good to meet with a woman's rights woman." It was the evening preceding the day on which Mrs. Woodhull presented her memorial before the Judiciary Committee, and the Judge anticipated great success from that event. He thought the cause was on the high road to victory. He said, that nothing but the most urgent business in Richmond could have kept him from hearing it, and from occupying a seat on the platform at Lincoln Hall during the meeting of the National Suffrage Convention.

The Judge is very progressive in his ideas. A score of years ago he was a great temperance worker, a strong anti-slavery advocate; and thirty years ago, on his wedding-day, he told his wife that "the great political and social systems of our country needed the purifying influence of woman, and that the day must come when the ballot would be given to woman."

The Judge's locks are thickly sprinkled with gray, and he has been waiting and watching for many years to see justice meted out to woman, but his faith is unflinching, he thinks the end draweth nearer and nearer, and the success of the great issue is beyond dispute.

There is a rift in the dark clouds that have encompassed our path, gleams of golden sunshine illumine the way, and glad songs of the coming victory are ringing in many a heart.

Very truly yours,

IRIS.

### A VOICE OF WARNING FROM ENGLAND.

200 SOUTH HILL PARK ROAD, LIVERPOOL, }  
February 21, 1871. }

To the Editor of the Revolution:

The following notice appeared lately in an American newspaper forwarded to me. Is this statement true? It is as follows:

"PROPOSED LICENSING OF THE SOCIAL EVIL IN NEW YORK.—A bill has just been introduced in the New York Legislature for the regulation of the great sin of great cities in New York. The bill creates a Board of Commissioners, who are empowered to grant licenses to keepers of infamous houses at the rate of \$500 for a first-class house and \$250 for a second. These licenses are to run for a year, and all persons keeping such houses without license are subjected to fine and imprisonment. The bill further requires a medical inspection of the inmates of the house twice a month, and grants the money received for the licenses in equal shares to the Society for the Reformation of Fallen Women and to the Commissioners of Charity."

You are aware that we are fighting a terrible battle in England against this wicked system of regulated harlotry, which brings women into a state of slavery (I do not use the word sentimentally, but in its legal and literal sense); you have abolished negro slavery in America; you will not permit this new and terrible form of slavery to be inaugurated. In the name of freedom and virtue, I pray you to use all your influence not to allow this horrible system to obtain a footing in the States, for I can assure you, from our own bitter experience here, it is very hard to eradicate when once it is established. I send you a book I have written on the subject, called "The Constitution Violated."

Yours most truly, JOSEPHINE E. BUTLER.

### METHODS FOR COLLEGE REFORM.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

The public journals of last week contain accounts of outrageous proceedings of students in Harvard College, carried to the extent of placing gunpowder under a building in which some Freshmen were sleeping, and with the avowed purpose of blowing it up. It is not long, since that the students of Cornell University were engaged in similar manly exercises. The same barbaric spirit prevails in all our colleges, and it must be expected to break out periodically as long as they are conducted on the old monastic system.

There are three remedies, any one of which ought to be sufficient to subdue the evil. The first is the spirit of Christianity; but as long as there is not enough of this element in the outward world to abolish war and other evils, it cannot be expected to prevail to any such extent in our cloistered institutions of learning. Another method would be to work off the superfluous energies of youth in useful industries. It was at one time supposed that the munificent endowment of Cornell University was to be appropriated to the experiment of an Industrial College, to form a system of integral education, to train the hand and the eye as well as the brain; but that institution was laid on old foundations; it is not in the present age that one is likely to be laid on a true foundation with Christ for the corner stone, and the carpenter of Nazareth for the head of the corner.

There is, however, a vital force, viz.: the feminine element, which might be introduced with advantage. If there be, therefore, in those old corporations no moral power which can control those turbulent spirits, let woman be called to the rescue.

Yours truly,

M. N.

### MAN'S INHUMANITY TO WOMAN.

SPRING VALLEY, Feb. 19th, 1871.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

"Sis, here is the corner-stone of your faith and the prop of your old age!" exclaimed brother Tom, a moustached youth, when, on his return from the office he entered the parlor and tossed the last number of THE REVOLUTION into my lap.

Your paper certainly is a guardian angel to me, I turn to it for comfort and strength, and sometimes to be severely reproofed.

From my personal experience (I believe I have made this statement to you before) I cannot condemn man as unjust to woman, but on the other hand I have often suffered most undeservedly from the petty jealousies and exceeding narrowness of many women whom it has been my fortune to meet. All this I recognize as only my individual experience, and of no weight as an argument for or against the question of "woman's rights."

But still I am sure that I do not see as clearly, and feel as keenly upon the subject as I should if I were, for instance, the victim of an unfortunate marriage, (and I must confess that under the existing laws, I consider most marriages unfortunate). Sometimes I allow myself to narrow down to my own experience, and in one of those weak, selfish moments I said to an audience, before which I was lecturing, that "it was utterly false that woman was oppressed by man." I feel bound to confess that it was the silliest sentiment I could have uttered. The next day I chanced to pick up THE REVOLUTION, and before I had finished reading, I would have given anything to have recalled those inconsiderate words. Something there was in every line which seemed to reprove and condemn me.

Almost immediately after that the circumstances under which I was then placed began to change; a different class of people were brought upon the stage of action before me. I have been observing them closely, and for the benefit of any person viewing the existing relations between the sexes through a "Claude Lorraine glass," who may chance to read the letters in the "Mail Bag," I will give an account of one of the several life dramas which have been enacted before me within the last eight or ten weeks.

It was one of those piercing cold days of which we have experienced so many this season. The snow for forty-eight hours had been drifting down from the north, and the ground and trees were thickly covered. Dark clouds obscured the blue sky. A driving sleet filled the air; man or beast had not passed the house all day.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon, and as I sat by the window, suddenly a woman came struggling up the hill. She wore an old cotton dress and sunbonnet, and a bright scarlet shawl; she held a little child by the hand; passing the house and turning into the yard of my neighbor, she rapped at the door; just as it was opened to admit her, I caught a glimpse of her face; I could not distinguish it plainly, but seemed to feel that there was a strange, wild expression in the eyes. I was thankful that the poor creature had found shelter, and as we are too apt to do, banished the subject as an unpleasant one, and turning to the bright fire glowing in the grate, instinctively stretched my hands towards it with a feeling of selfish security.



## The Revolution.

A week elapsed, and happening to call upon my neighbor, she spoke of the woman, a Mrs. M., who had been there the other day in the storm, and I learned that the poor thing was half crazy, and had been so for years. She lives with her husband by whom she has had several children, all born since she became partially deranged.

It is not enough that the poor crazed creature ministers to his animal nature, but the abuse which he heaps upon her is incredible.

It is clearly proved, by the witness of her poor body, her children, and others, that he gets enraged with her, and drags her about the house by the hair of the head. Lately he threw her upon the floor, and kicked her upon the hips until they were bruised and bloody, also upon the knees, until she could scarcely walk; her legs from the hips to the ankles were black with bruises from his boot. She carries an old paper about with her which contains a bunch of hair, as large as her wrist which he has pulled from her head. The poor crazed thing opening the paper, will say "See my poor hair."

She complained of him, and had him arrested, for trial before a jury chosen from the highly respectable farmers, among whom I am now living. The man confessed he had struck her, and all was clearly proved by the testimony of her children, and, can it be believed, these respectable men brought in a verdict of *not guilty*.

The gentleman who told me of the proceedings, although he does not fully endorse their decision, still, remarked in reply to my remonstrance, "Oh, she is a stubborn piece, and I think he had *some cause*." The jury was composed of the best men in the district. God forbid that another such a jury shall ever sit to decide upon such an atrocious outrage upon humanity! Words cannot express my indignation! Nothing could have made me believe that these men would have done as they have but the confession from their own lips; and shall these men help to make laws to govern women, and she have no voice? Had a woman been upon that jury! had I been there I would never have tasted another morsel of food until that inhuman brute had been found guilty! Never again so long as woman remains disfranchised will I ever be heard to say that she is not oppressed by man.

My blood boils with indignation as I write, and here I solemnly pledge myself to leave no stone unturned, to work with unceasing diligence to help put the ballot in woman's hands. Give us easy divorce laws. Give us "Equal Rights" with man. We must, we will have them as sure as the "Declaration of Independence" declares "That all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights: that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed! that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness."

To support these principles American men

have fought and died upon fields of blood, and American women have borne their share of the burden.

The history of the world is a chronicle of the struggles to secure and maintain the rights of humanity, which the majestic march of time unfolds, and still unfolds to the eager soul of man in the sublime heights and grander prospective of their eternal justice.

Where, I ask, can an intelligent body of men be found who would consent to be taxed without the privilege of balloting upon the disposition of the money so raised?

Where the wide world over can a nation be found that would consent that only women should have a voice in the matters of law and government? and yet women, who certainly constitute one half of the world's population, and without the beneficial influence of whom, all are forced to confess, a community of men become lawless and abandoned, are denied the inestimable privileges of the ballot; of a voice in affairs which affect the weal or woe of their children, who are more to them than life itself, and for whom they peril everything, they are denied a trial before a jury even one of which is of their own sex.

These are outrages which cry for redress from every man and woman worthy to be a member of a civilized community.

Sincerely yours SARAH A. COMAN.

### DOINGS AT ALFRED CENTER.

To the Editor of *The Revolution*:

Since Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony lectured here last season, the woman's rights question has been more than usually agitated in this place. Some of us women have concluded to advocate the cause under the name of *human rights*.

Mrs. Dr. Bingham came to the place to lecture recently, and we stated to her the condition of several poor families, widows with orphan children, in our community, who are entirely or nearly dependent upon their own resources for support, and yet limited in occupation and labor to the one single business of housekeeping. The result of our conference with her is the establishment of an "Art and Industrial Society," with a regular Constitution and By-Laws. We manufacture artificial flowers, wreaths, wax flowers, fruit and dolls, and a variety of other articles, as embroidery, toys for children, fancy boxes, &c., &c. We must depend upon other places for the sale of our wares, for the place in which we reside is very small. Alfred is two miles from the New York and Erie Railroad, in Allegany County, N. Y.

We live here under the shadow of Alfred College, where ladies and gentlemen are allowed to graduate in the same course of education. Our population is from six to seven hundred inhabitants, among whom are forty widows. We have none who can properly be denominated wealthy, though some possess a comfortable and easy competency, acquired by dint of great industry and penurious, saving, painstaking care. Of course we can expect but little assistance from the place in which we are residing. Some of the ladies of our society are more than widows, for they were widowed by the war of rebellion, and one has a husband in a cripple's home for soldiers, and consequently, though equally widowed, receives not the small compensation of a pension. Some of our Society lost

their husbands in the service of the Captain of our salvation, for they were veterans of the Cross. All of these poor women are in competition for the drudgery of other women's housework, such as washing, cleaning house, &c.; and by their competition they reduce their compensation to the lowest nominal rates. Some of these women have to wash for three shillings per day, and have difficulty in finding work at that rate. These have from three to five children to support, and several have other infirm relatives. Some employers also manifest a very penurious spirit, I am sorry to say. One woman was required, besides her work of cleaning house, to do a considerable part of the ordinary housework and wash the kettles that had stood from Christmas to New Years day unwashed, and received as payment only seventy-five cents. A rich farmer comes in and desires a woman to bake for his son at four cents per loaf. One-half day will be spent, with the burning of as much wood as would have served her two days ordinarily, for at most forty cents remuneration for all her work and expense—*nothing is gained in this way*. It is true such advantage of adverse circumstances would not be taken if men acted from Christian principle, or if woman as wife and mother gave good admonition to husband and sons, in justice to her fellow woman. It would probably be otherwise if the church had not, in the course of her intermingling with the teachers of philosophy, proved recreant to her duties to woman, taking from her the office conferred in primitive times, of deaconess or eldress, and teaching her through the past ages a lesson of irresponsibility in opposition to the truth, and in opposition to the teachings of her Lord, who had elevated her to a place of moral responsibility beside her brother man, as a worker in his field, the world. Paul, who has been so strangely misconstrued by men, in making his teachings respecting woman contradictory and absurd, nevertheless, is agreed by all to have sent as minister of the church to Rome a woman, commending her to the aid of the brethren there in her important work.

Truly yours, AVIS SATTERLEE.

### MARRIAGE AND NATURAL LAW.

LOUISIANA, MISSOURI, Feb. 23, 1871.

To the Editor of *The Revolution*:

In your paper dated Feb. 16th, in an article entitled "Progress in Missouri," I notice the following statement in regard to my address before the Lyceum in this city.

"She proceeded to apply the test thus furnished, to the conduct of the sexual relations, denouncing with boldness and vigor the practices of marriage and propagation when opposed to *natural law*."

I object to this word "*natural*" chiefly because it is a misrepresentation. I endeavored to prove that *duty* is love sublimed to *universal aims*; and therefore is as should be the sovereign law of character. It was the *sovereign law* in the place of *natural law* which I applied as the test of the marriage relation. The difference of one word may seem but slight, but when we reflect that the lowest and most selfish passions of men and women find shelter and protection under this word *natural*, I am careful of its use, except as clearly defined by previous statements.

Yours truly, AUGUSTA COOPER BRISTOL.

Burnett's Cologne—best in America.

Burnett's Cocoaïne, the best hair-dressing.

Burnett's Cooking Extracts are the best.

Burnett's Kalliston is the best cosmetic.

Whitcomb's Asthma remedy—sure cure.



# The Revolution.

## The Revolution.

LAURA CURTIS BULLARD, EDITOR.

All Persons are invited to send to this Journal, from all parts of the world, facts, comments, resolutions, criticisms, reports, and items concerning woman's education, employments, wages, disabilities, enfranchisement, and general welfare. Communications should be accompanied by the names of the writers, not always for publication, but as a guarantee of authenticity. The editor is not responsible for the opinions of contributors, and invites a wide freedom and diversity of speech. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned except when accompanied by the requisite postage stamps. All letters should be addressed to The Revolution Association, Box 3093, New York City. Principal Office, No. 31 Union Place, corner of Sixteenth street, New York. Branch Office (where the office-editor may be found daily), No. 11 Fulton street, near Fulton Ferry, Brooklyn.

NEW YORK, MARCH 16, 1871.

### IMPORTANT TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

#### AN ATTRACTIVE LIST OF PREMIUMS.

For 12 Subscribers and \$24,	we will give a splendid
" 10 " " \$20,	bronzed eight-day Clock.
" 12 " " \$24,	a copy of Webster's Un-
" 15 " " \$30,	abridged Dictionary, beau-
" 10 " " \$20,	tifully bound; something
	needed in every family.
	a Doty Clothes Wringer.
	No housewife should be
	without it.
	a Doty Washing Machine.
	One of the best assistants
	in domestic labor.
	we will give one dozen
	Spoons, heavily plated.

We propose to extend our list by adding such valuable premiums as are especially calculated to meet the wants of women.

### DISTINGUISHED WOMEN IN FLORENCE.—LUDMILLA ASSING.

FLORENCE, Feb. 20th, 1871.

Among the clever women from other countries who are now residing in Florence, no one more justly deserves mention than Ludmilla Assing. The name of this distinguished German lady is well-known in the social, political and literary circles of the old world. Some of the biographies which she has written, and the diaries of her celebrated uncle Vanhagen Von Ense, compiled and edited by her after his death, have been, if I mistake not, translated and published in England and America.

Ludmilla Assing was born in Hamburg, in 1827. Her father was a skillful physician and not only a man of science, but a lyric poet of no little fame. He was a richly gifted and noble-hearted man, and her mother, was also a poetess; she was a woman most generously endowed with those qualities which make the home circle where such a wife and mother presides, the most attractive spot on earth to the inmates of a household.

In the home of this united and happy husband and wife, all the most intellectual society of Hamburg was to be met with, and the early days of Ludmilla Assing were unshadowed by a cloud, until that darkest of shadows—death passed over it.

From that happy home both the parents were taken, and the orphan child was carried to Berlin, where she was educated by her celebrated uncle Vanhagen Von Ense. In this new home the same atmosphere of liberal culture and advanced thought surrounded the young girl which she had breathed in her own home.

Here she became intimately associated with Alexander Von Humboldt, the dear friend of her uncle, and here too, she met not only the ablest men of Germany, but those most distinguished in other countries for learning, genius and liberal political sentiments, for the house of Vanhagen von Ense

was the resort of all such men who came to Berlin for a longer or shorter period.

Surrounded by such influences, the intellectual powers of the young German girl were easily stimulated to action, and she began to write and publish, though anonymously, a great many articles in the journals and periodicals of the day.

Encouraged by her uncle's approbation and the success of her minor publications, at the age of twenty she undertook a more important work, a biography entitled "Countess Elisa von Ahnplot, wife of Adolphus von Lutzen, the friend of Karl Immerman."

The book was published in Berlin, and for the first time her name was attached to her literary work. It was most favorably received by scholars and by the general public, and was soon after followed by a second biography "Sophia von Roche, the friend of Wieland."

The death of her uncle occurred soon after, and as executrix of his literary remains, she published the eighth and ninth volumes of his memoirs, which won her the highest praise of Thomas Carlyle.

The collection of the letters of Alexander von Humboldt and Vanhagen von Ense, followed this work and excited the attention of all Europe. She published, also, the Diaries of her celebrated uncle, and from his advanced political theories, as well as from his high social position, these works were eagerly and widely read.

Soon after this time Miss Assing went to Florence where, during her temporary sojourn, she made the acquaintance of Mazzini, Cironi, and many others of the Italian patriots. The pupil of Vanhagen von Ense was in full sympathy with these political enthusiasts, and when soon after, she published another volume of her uncle's Diaries, she was condemned to eight months imprisonment in Prussia, for treason against his gracious majesty, the King of that country.

Fortunately for Miss Assing she was not within reach of his majesty's myrmidons, and she continued to publish other volumes of her uncle's journals; for this offence and the publication of truths injurious to the Queen of Prussia, Miss Assing was again condemned to two years imprisonment. As she was residing in Florence this sentence amounted merely to exile, and surrounded by a congenial circle of friends in the lovely land of Italy her banishment from Germany was not so severe a punishment as his Prussian majesty might imagine.

Miss Assing continued and still continues her literary labors, and since her residence in Italy she has published a translation into German of two works of the Italian patriot Piero Cironi, entitled "The National Press in Italy, from 1828 to 1860;" and "The art of the Rebels;" also "The Correspondence between Vanhagen and Pelsner, together with Letters of Rahel," three volumes; "Letters of Stagemann, Metternich, Heine, and Bettina von Arnim," etc., etc.; the eighth and ninth volumes of "The Diaries of Vanhagen, and also different writings in Italian, which she speaks and writes with great elegance, "Uno Synardo zulla Germania," published in "Je Popolo d'Italia," 1865, and "Vita di Piero Cironi."

These works were followed by further volumes of the correspondence of Von Ense,

and a translation into German of the works of Mazzini, with a biographical sketch of that great patriot, which won much attention and admiration from the German liberals.

The mere list of Miss Assing's publications is enough to give one an idea of her unflagging industry; and in all her works she has shown herself to be a fine scholar, a profound thinker, and a woman of earnest convictions, as well as of unusual ability.

Through her own exertions she has accumulated a competence and she now lives in a house which she has built from the money which is the product of her literary labors.

But there is no trace of the blue-stocking in the bright and vivacious little German lady. She is neat, simple and unpretending in her manners; genial and cordial to all who approach her; has not the faintest touch of pedantry about her.

Though neither young nor beautiful, she is most attractive. Her Monday evening receptions are always thronged with the most famous men and women of all nations, who delight to do her honor.

Nor though a liberal, perhaps almost an ultra in political, social and religious ideas, does she demand of her guests the same ways of thinking.

To be sure one finds political refugees from all countries in her salons, but there too one meets many of quite opposite opinions—staunch advocates of constitutional monarchies sit side by side with ultra republicans; authors, artists, savans, musicians, poets, are there as well; all drawn together by one common impulse of admiration of their hostess, whose qualities as a woman are still more the secret of her power and influence than her acknowledged ability as a politician and writer.

Miss Assing is a noble and generous woman, and her life and character are only another of many such proofs that the culture of the intellect in women is not at the expense of the heart.

It is strange that in the face of such facts the absurd theory is still held by so large a portion of the community, that intellect and culture are dangerous to the feminine character, and that the development of the brain makes a woman less attractive and lovable.

On the contrary, the experience of any one even of limited observation must prove that the ablest women have been most useful and most beloved in their home circle, and in the society in which they have moved.

The names of women famous the world over for scientific and literary attainments, are even more dear and precious to their own individual families, than to the outside world, and the public tribute which Robert Browning and John Stuart Mill have paid to the women of genius, whom they were proud to call their wives, is only the echo of equally heart-felt love and praise, which noble and clever women have received from less gifted but no less appreciative men, with whom they have been associated.

It is not the weak minded, but the strong minded mother, whose "children rise up and call her blessed;" and the ranks of the single sisterhood have been made illustrious by the name and fame of the able women who have not only been benefactors to the human family, but the greatest blessing and comfort of their own immediate home circle.



# The Revolution.

## DON'T WANT TO VOTE.

Men now-a-days make confession of their political apathy as if it were something to be reasonably proud of. They avow without a blush that voting is a bore from which they are thankful to be relieved, and wonder what women can see in the vulgar and stupid process that they should struggle for the privilege. In this noble spirit Donn Piatt addresses himself to a western paper:

"These people," he says, "are wasting their energies upon an object worth very little, if anything, when obtained. They want that which decent men in the United States care very little for, and are in reality deprived of. Every year the polls are more and more given up to the ignorant and vicious, who hold the majorities in this blessed land of freedom. We have chaperoned the right to vote until it has ceased to be valuable. There is scarcely a month in the year that a man is not called upon to vote for somebody to occupy some office or other. The number of people thus elected can be called legion, and the manner of their election would be a farce were it not so deplorable. The right to vote carries with it the right to have a candidate. This we do not possess. The more important offices of the country are so poorly paid, and of such uncertain tenure that the better class of men cannot be induced to fill them. And even if they were, a process, called caucus, made up from corner groceries and lager beer saloons, creates the candidate of the party, and not the candidate of the individual; and if you vote at all you have to vote for the nominee. In every election the number of voters who abstain from exercising this privilege is enormous, and each year the number increases. After a time the entire business will have gone over to professional politicians and the ignorant mob they influence."

This is the result of laziness and the too eager pursuit of selfish personal aims. It is a kind of baseness that American men ought to be ashamed of, and blush to own. They can fold their arms and look on with indifference while national trust is abused, the public money squandered, and things in general woefully mismanaged, never moving so much as the tip of a finger to prevent the entire business of politics from going over into the hands of corrupt demagogues who lead the ignorant mob.

We are told that in "every election the number of voters who abstain from exercising this privilege is enormous, and each year the number increases;" and these are "decent" men, who do not prize the liberties their fathers gave them, enough to make an effort to check the frauds and abuses that have in most large cities, at least, crept into the administration of public affairs.

All we ask now is that these decent men make a final effort, if they are capable of so much exertion, and give woman the ballot. Then they may, if they choose, spend the rest of their lives in preserving their decency at the expense of dignity, patriotism, and honor, for the country cannot be wholly lost. An influence will thus be set in motion to undermine the power of "corner groceries" and "lager beer saloons;" or if they prefer, having done this one act of justice, our effete fellow-citizens can fold their mantles about them and die decently, and have it written on their tomb-stones "they were all decent men, too decent to touch politics."

The Grecian satirists declared that when the men of the nation became too weak and apathetic to rule they should be superseded by women. We should like to see what effect it would have upon Donn Piatt, the Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, and others, were an attempt made to deprive them of the right of suffrage. Those men who are prepared without a struggle to resign the management of the country into the hands of political thieves deserve to lose their rights. Nothing can break down the majorities of the grog-shops but woman armed with the ballot. If our politics are in a slough they will go deeper and

deeper, unless they are lifted up and purified by some other means than the enlightened men of the country have yet shown themselves able to devise. There are men, doubtless, who see the dangers of the future, but are yet held too firmly in the vice of iron-bound prejudices to recognize the only true remedy. Give woman the suffrage as speedily as possible to stave off the woes of a country that may become unwieldy and degenerate, by its vast extent and boundless riches, and be given over to the selfish greed of gain, the "lust of the flesh, and the pride of the eye."

## ILLINOIS LAWS.

An act of the following character has been introduced into the Illinois Legislature, and, according to newspaper accounts, is likely to pass:

"Any woman of lawful age, married or single, shall, subject to the regulations, liabilities and penalties prescribed for men, have the same right as men to practice medicine or law, or any other profession, and to be appointed Notary Public, Commissioner of Deeds, and Deputy or Assistant of any Clerk of a Court of Record or of Recorder of Deeds, and, for so doing, shall have and be entitled to have a diploma, commission or appointment; and further, that 'sex or coverture shall not work any civil disability.'"

In case this bill becomes a law, woman suffrage will be the inevitable sequence. The people of the State are said to favor the movement, and the ferment of public opinion is steadily and irresistibly working in favor of giving woman the civil and political rights of which she has so long been defrauded.

Should the great Prairie State of the West make these radical changes in the status of woman, it would doubtless bring into line many of its neighbors within a very few years, and we should see woman suffrage carried with that business-like promptitude which marks the West, while our Eastern Legislatures are dozing over the problem of "how not to do it," with a growing consciousness that it must be done sooner or later. There is no need of tinkering the Constitution any more, provided the States will take hold of the matter energetically. Let Illinois furnish this glorious example of justice to many thousands of her citizens who are now oppressed, and it will be an earnest of victory all over the land. Let it be shown for a single year that women in that great State have visited the polls, deposited ballots, participated to a greater or less degree in public affairs, without deranging politics or destroying domestic life, but that this measure has rather quickened the marvellous prosperity of that mighty integral portion of the Union, and we believe in less than five years women would be voting from Maine to Texas.

It will be a proud thing for any State to have it to say that it was the first to practically inaugurate the spirit of the Declaration of Independence, and change it from dead letter into living law.

It is said that the temperance people of the country have about come to the conclusion that the easiest way to shut up the rum shops is to put the ballot into the hands of woman. We care not how often woman suffrage comes in as a secondary consideration; only give it entrance, and it will speak and work for itself. The time is assuredly approaching when every moral reform will have to apply to woman suffrage for hinges to turn on. The reason that moral reform schemes have so often broken down and gone to pieces is because they have not had this powerful adjunct. Men who wish to make the world a little cleaner would be wise to come on their knees and beg the aid of the enlightened womanhood of the land in their work rather than reject it when proffered with scorn and contempt.

Let the people of Illinois go on questioning the justice of old restrictions and prejudices, and they will raise on their broad prairies a crop of native American ideas that will go far towards leavening the whole national lump.

## PENELOPE.

"Let me say, in behalf of Miranda and myself, that we have high respect for those who 'cook something good,' who create and preserve fair order in houses, and prepare therein the shining raiment for worthy inmates, worthy guests. Only these functions must not be a drudgery or enforced necessity, but a part of life. Let Ulysses drive the bees home while Penelope there piles up the fragrant loaves. They are both well employed if these be done in thought and love willingly; but Penelope is no more meant for a baker or a weaver solely than Ulysses for a cattle herd."

The above is a very pretty picture drawn by Margaret Fuller's pen, and we are ready to declare that Penelope is exactly equal in merit and interest to Ulysses. She was not "a baker or weaver solely," but a home creator—a beautiful artist making the finest order and best cheer, and sweetest place of rest for the weary, and most attractive background for social enjoyment out of her Grecian dwelling.

If Penelope had been merely a drudge, a household machine, an anxious classical Martha persecuted by dirt specks, a cook blistering her face forever over the fire, a scold, or a gossip, she never would have come down to us so calm, smiling and discreet, as she now stands amid forms of deathless beauty and grandeur.

Let us hope that Ulysses prized the woman artist there in his home more than the bread baker or the sewer on of classical buttons. Let us hope that after the bees were housed he did not kick his boots off in a corner, and, dropping on the lounge, or whatever stood for it, doze away the whole evening, while Penelope sat with one foot on the cradle, and her hands busied with the week's mending. Let us imagine that there was some inspiring discourse between husband and wife, perhaps on high philosophies, the arts and politics of the time, interspersed with music and cheerful recreation. When Penelope asked for a little money to add to the family comforts, let us trust Ulysses did not thrust his hands into his Grecian trouser's pockets and say with a growl, "What did you do with the dollar I gave you last week?" After a hard baking or brewing day, if little Telemachus was taken sick in the night, let us entertain the pleasing hope that the lord and master of the establishment did not allow his Grecian head to recline on the pillow, while something very like a classical snore proceeded from his Grecian nose, as Penelope walked the floor hour after hour with the fretting child in her weary arms, and then, at daylight, kindled a fire in the kitchen stove and prepared the breakfast, only to be informed by Ulysses, who had crept out of bed at the last moment, that the food was not fit to eat.

It would spoil the pretty picture to fancy Ulysses making low jokes about women, or repeating any of the disparaging proverbs of the day, with that queen in his household. There in the sunny atmosphere of an early age, is the home Penelope created, full of cheerful labor, love, harmony, peace and joy. Every woman who orders her dwelling rightly, and creates the proper moral and spiritual atmosphere, is such an artist as Penelope was—as true an artist in her way as though she had written Iliads or had carved the statues of Michael Angelo, or painted the pictures of Raphael.

## NAMES! NAMES!

The National Woman Suffrage Committee, at Washington, have put forth the following urgent petition to Congress. May it bring in an abundant harvest of signatures. Send your names at once to Mrs. Josephine Griffing, Washington, D. C., as before directed in THE REVOLUTION. Let there be one more active effort to gain a large number of names to the following call:

"We the undersigned citizens of the United States being convinced that under the Federal Constitution, and the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments thereto, woman is entitled to vote, do most earnestly request your Honorable Body to pass a Declaratory Law guaranteeing the exercise of the elective franchise to woman in all the States and Territories of the Union."



## The Revolution.

### MORE SCARED THAN HURT.

A woman writing to the *Washington Chronicle* proposes the stale conundrum, "What need is there for female suffrage?" John Stuart Mill, Mrs. Mott, Mrs. Stanton, and many others have been busy for the last fifteen or twenty years giving explicit answers to this question; but she deigns not to bestow a moment's notice on the conclusions of thinkers and philanthropists. They are proudly brushed aside like so much gossamer, and by her own unaided wisdom, this prophetess and sybil goes on to predict the most direful consequences to society, provided females ever are allowed to vote.

It is enough to make each particular hair rise on end to listen to her croakings, for she declares, in the solemnity of italics, "Let the evil day come when it may, a political war between the sexes will be inaugurated which will only end in one or the other being vanquished and cast by the victors over the battlements." This is awfully mysterious, as we are left in doubt as to what battlements are referred to. She probably means, in less hyperbolical language, that when the ballot is given to women, the two sexes will rush into a general scrimmage, and break heads and pull hair. Women have been voting for the last year or two in England and in Wyoming Territory, and we have not heard that life or limb was endangered by the process; but we have, on the contrary, learned that good order and sobriety reigned around the polls in a degree never before witnessed.

Her arguments shoot delightfully wide of the mark, and resemble the sporting tactics of the celebrated Mr. Snodgrass, who fired into the air with his eyes shut for fear of hitting something. We are told that, according to the rebel construction, the South had a constitutional right to disintegrate and destroy the government, and also that "the destroyer of female honor may be shot down or otherwise put to death by the injured husband, father or brother without the benefit of judge or jury, and the avenger be acquitted."

What has all this got to do with the subject of female suffrage? We might as well be treated to a discussion as to whether potatoes are liable to spontaneous combustion.

One of the most dreadful things connected with this gloomy woman's showing is that, at this very moment, the suffragists have a "witch's cauldron seething within the very walls of the Capitol." But don't let her taste for melodrama deceive anybody. The cauldron referred to is nothing more than a harmless folio volume designed to hold the names of petitioners and a collection of tracts and documents. The weird sisters are probably represented by Mrs. Hooker, with her sweet, motherly face, and Mrs. Davis, with her silvery hair and soft voice. If so, we are not afraid of any spirits, blue, white or gray, which they will conjure up. We can safely leave them to work their will in place of other spirits that have had altogether too much to do with bungling a vast deal of male legislation. We hope they will see a succession of victories for woman longer than the kingly race that stalked through Shakespeare's august vision.

It seems a little late in the day to ask what need there is for female suffrage just as the cause is striking twelve, and a little strange, too, that our opponents haven't before this

time waked up to their "sacred responsibilities," domestic cares, and all "the duties of the sublime mission for which they were created." That pleasant creature, "a Hunker," of "Hunkerville," speaks thus of the feminine dread of new burdens:

"If women vote, they must fit themselves for it. I urge this as a strong point, especially in the most fashionable society, where the entire female mind is absorbed in the changing of dresses and ribbons. But I know the opposite plea, as how could I help it when my own wife, Mrs. Samantha Hunker, favors woman's rights? 'If women vote, why should they not be compelled to bear arms?' asks Mrs. Phelps. 'Simply,' says Mrs. Hunker, 'because physical unfitness now exempts men, and would naturally exempt women as a class.' 'But when we vote,' we shall look to it that battles become obsolete. We shall vote for justice and peace."

Our anti-suffrage friends ought at least to be grateful to us for arousing them to a sense of their duties. We look upon this new zeal with infinite satisfaction, and say, "Behold our work!" Let them go on, feeling more and more awfully responsible, getting more and more anxious to fulfil their mission, as women, and it really makes very little difference whether they vote or not. We shall see vanity, idleness, gossip, scandal, extravagance, and humbug go to the wall, and a new womanhood arise, filled with all noble thought, intent, impulse and deed. This new and growing sense of responsibility is one of the best signs of the time.

The spokeswoman of the opposition inquires further on in the letter to which we refer, "Are our men of that sort that we can no longer trust them?" Perhaps it would be a little harsh to answer this question in a flat affirmative, when we, here in New York, enjoy the blessings of a "Boss" Tweed, "Prince Erie" and their knights and swash bucklers, and when, at this very moment, the great chief of our democracy is about to receive civic honors from a proud and grateful public, in the form of a bronze statue. At the risk of being considered thankless, we will venture to say that there is no inconsiderable number of women in this city who believe that their intervention in politics would be an improvement on what Wendell Phillips calls "a standing committee nominated by the grog shops." At any rate, we mean to try and see what sort of a pop we can construct to prevent republican institutions from collapsing.

The correspondent of the *Chronicle* goes on to say that some Congressmen "rather dread the sting of THE REVOLUTIONIST, that sheet of mystery and iniquity." This probably refers to our harmless, ingenuous-looking little sheet; and in spite of the epithets, so grand, gloomy and peculiar, we are immensely flattered to find that we have a sting that can reach high places. Socrates said there is nothing like a good enemy, and the anti-suffragists are letting some cats out of the bag they had better have kept tied up.

The anti-suffragists are much more scared than hurt. Their guns are all of the approved old style, brass-mounted, and we don't anticipate that anybody will get killed, and, as the cheerful, old Irish gentleman said when his wife beat him, "It amuses them and don't hurt us."

—The Bishop of London has admitted Miss C. Hart to the office of a "Deaconess" in the Church of England, and has appointed her to visit in the district parish of St. Gabriel, Pimlico. The ceremony took place at Fulham Palace.

### WINE AND WOMEN IN ENGLAND.

Dr. Francis E. Anstie, an eminent English physician, has lately written a paper containing some statements that may well startle every philanthropist.

He says that the women of the middle and upper classes in England are becoming infected to a perceptible and alarming extent with the tendency to alcoholic excess, and that in not a few instances this goes to the length of positive and shameful tipping, either habitual or frequent; and that a still larger number of ladies drink sufficient liquor to produce a seriously degrading effect upon their mental purity and energy, although they afford no open scandal to the world.

One of the particular characteristics of the habit of tipping is a most skillful duplicity, an effect we know universal with opium eaters. Even educated women become, under the influence of this habit, invariably shameless and most skillful liars.

Dr. A. belongs to the class of physiologists who claim that alcoholic liquors are a valuable part of the ordinary diet of large numbers of healthy persons. But to be beneficial, he urges, these must be taken in moderate quantities. The moment more is taken than can be readily oxidised they become a narcotic poison to the nervous system. We believe the advocates of teetotalism abundantly show the danger growing out of any use whatever of alcoholic drinks, asseverating, as they do, that the very nature of the poison is to create such an appetite as must inevitably lead to immoderation, if not habitual, nevertheless so at times. Moreover, some persons are so constituted as to be incapable of practicing moderation, finding no escape from beastly inebriety but in absolute abstinence from all alcoholic drinks. As no one can know beforehand whether he or she does not belong to this class, we think the only safety lies in teetotalism.

Dr. Anstie believes that woman's organism is such as to render her incapable of beneficially appropriating more than one-half the quantity fit for man. Especially is this the case with indolent women. From one and one-half to two ounces of absolute alcohol, Dr. A. considers the maximum daily allowance for an adult man—an amount we should consider formidable. But for women, he would make three-fourths of an ounce the maximum. This would be equivalent to two ordinary wine-glassesful of sherry or Port wine. Yet the London physician frequently finds great numbers of ladies indulging in twice, thrice and even quadruple this amount.

The habit is often caused by the use of alcoholic stimulants by direction of physicians, during convalescence from debilitating diseases like hemorrhages and fevers. We would remark, *en passant*, that its (opium) administration in sickness is one of the most frequent causes of opium eating. We have seen a victim of this habit drink a wine-glass of laudanum at one quaff. He told us he contracted the habit from its administration by a physician during an attack of, and convalescence from, cholera in 1832, at one of the New York hospitals.

The dangers from alcoholic narcotization are peculiarly great, according to Dr. Anstie, in cases of neuralgia, especially when it is attended by dysmenorrhœa. Particularly per-



## The Revolution.

nicious, also, are alcoholic liquors during the period between puberty and marriage. Many girls of the wealthy middle and upper classes are coming to use champagne to an immoderate extent, a habit, we have too much reason for believing, is not confined to the other side of the water.

### WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN THE SOUTH.

Mrs. Hooker, Mrs. Davis, and Mrs. Josepine Griffing, of Washington, have been down to Richmond, holding an informal Convention, under the auspices of Mrs. A. W. Bodley, President of the Virginia Woman Suffrage Association. The meeting was held in the United States Court Room, and a considerable number of members of the Legislature, and State Officials were present.

The Richmond *Whig*, in speaking of the meeting says:

"We do hope these ladies will, during their sojourn in Richmond, give the Legislature an elaborate argument on the constitutional aspect of this question. The fact is, our legislators have never heard it treated in all its bearings, and it is high time they were fully enlightened in regard to it. If Southern ladies are left to argue it the Virginia Legislature will grope in Egyptian darkness through all time, and the only hope is that ladies of strong minds and firm resolves from the North shall present the question, stripped of sentiment and gallantry, for their consideration as lawmakers. They could easily, during the afternoon and night, give five or six hours for this all important question instead of frittering it away in profitless bribery investigations."

Mrs. Davis spoke and created, as she always does, a pleasing impression. She was followed by Mrs. Hooker, who gave her constitutional argument, and urged all women present to sign the pledge and declaration of Independence already published in the *REVOLUTION*.

Such ladies as Mrs. Hooker and Mrs. Davis are well calculated to break down prejudice in the South, and we hope they will follow up the advantage gained in Richmond, by holding conventions in other parts of the great vineyard. Such points as Savannah, Charleston, Macon, Atlanta, Montgomery and Mobile, might, it appears to us, be visited by some of our wide-awake advocates, with the happiest results. We are constantly receiving letters from different portions of the South, making urgent demands for Mrs. Stanton, Miss Anthony, and other well known speakers to appear in parts of the country never yet invaded by our friends, and enlighten the people on the great topic of the hour. The harvest is ripe, but many sections are wholly destitute of laborers.

We believe that the white men of the South will yet show themselves more ready to grant political privileges to their mothers, wives and daughters, than many of their brothers at the North. In fact, we know that some of the wisest and ablest of their number deeply feel the indignity which has raised ignorant black men to a political equality with themselves, while refusing the rights of citizenship to cultivated and refined women—those whom they must love and honor. A Southern gentleman of eminence said to us some time ago: "Women must vote in this country, to put a balance-wheel into the government, else the riff-raff, the whiskey drinkers, the bruisers, and plug-uglies, with unscrupulous men of a higher order, will run the ship of State on to the rocks, and that, too, before many years have passed over our heads."

### SKIRTS.

Gail Hamilton has enumerated the punishments, terrible and mysterious, which she hopes will light upon women if they reject the sensible, cleanly and convenient short suit, and adopt dragging appendages of no earthly use but to sweep the side-walk of its filth, and spoil as much valuable silk and velvet as possible.

It is both in sorrow and in anger that we notice, in these days, the lengthening of skirts for street wear, so that the back breadths dip into the dirt, just enough to thoroughly befoul the border of a woman's garment. A few inches more or less of silk or cashmere seem now to furnish a line of separation between the besotted follower of fashion, who is in the hand of her dressmaker, like a puppet pulled by a string, and the rational minded human being who judges for herself what things are decent, seemly and convenient for a woman to wear.

We do not hesitate to pronounce the present style of street sweeper, which women are beginning to adopt, altogether vile. It is a degrading badge of servitude, and a woman who respects herself is culpable for copying and extending such a dirty and senseless style. No woman if she is not an idiot, in these days when physiological laws and rational ideas ought to exert some little influence in introducing healthy and convenient costumes, can excuse herself for allowing a modiste to tack on to her person an appendage calculated to outrage every idea of decency by wiping up the tobacco filth and miscellaneous litter of our dirty side-walk.

The short suit made with a skirt just long enough to clear the ground has been a perfect God-send to fashion-ridden womanhood. We could endure any kind of disfigurement which panniers and grotesque trimmings could create, so long as the short skirt was left us, but now that our remorseless tyrant is attempting to subvert our liberty, deprive us of the one source of comfort we enjoy, take away our freedom of locomotion, and saddle upon us a disgusting dragging uncleanly nuisance, it is time the sensible women of this land lift up their indignant voices and declare and aver that they will never give up short skirts, nor allow them to elongate until they sweep the ground. The members of Sorosis have unanimously decreed that their dresses shall swing clear and free of the filth of the side-walk. Now is the time for the women of the country to prove that they know what rights common sense bestow in matters of dress, and knowing dare maintain.

### WOMEN AS FARMERS.

Mr. Greeley's advice to women, who are keeping little shops in which they sell trimmings, small wares, etc., to sell out, go West and farm it, or take little pieces of land near the city, and raise "truck" for the market, has excited considerable remark, and the impression has been strengthened that Mr. Greeley knows more about farming and truck raising than any man living. Wisdom crieth in the streets, and if the needy, destitute women of this city do not listen, they certainly deserve to starve.

A lady correspondent of the *Tribune* writes to inquire "how women with small incomes

can attempt truck raising in New Jersey on land that costs from \$200 to \$3,000 per acre?" and Mr. Greeley's reply is that "near the city" meant Monmouth and Ocean counties, "where the largest peach orchards of the country lie, and where the land most suitable for their cultivation can be had for \$75. For cranberry bogs along the sea coast," we are further told, "ground in the last year has been bought for \$10, ditched and planted for \$50 per acre, and now requires, for the next two years only such cultivation as an intelligent woman and one or two industrious boys could give to make it worth \$500."

We would inquire how a woman with limited means, who has probably put all she is worth, and more too, in land, improvements, a house to live in, implements, etc., is to bridge over these two or three years before her bog becomes productive? If she has sufficient to do all this, she is hardly likely to bury herself down in the unsettled wilds of Monmouth and Ocean counties, in waste places where there are no schools or neighbors. A woman may as well die of starvation as of home sickness, and we cannot see that this proposition really meets the requirements of the destitute.

Why should women, who are well established in little shops, give them up to try a pioneer life down in Ocean county? Little shops are needed, and it is eminently appropriate that they should be kept by women. In fact, we believe women will yet be much more largely engaged in the retail business of towns than they now are.

Ocean and Monmouth counties, New Jersey are admirable fields for some hundreds or thousands of young male counter-jumpers, who waste their excellent muscle on measuring ribbons and laces, and at the same time stand in the way of the same number of women who could perform the work they are doing just as well, while it is very doubtful whether they could ditch and plough, cut down trees, and build fences and roads with the same facility.

Horticulture and floriculture offer excellent opportunities for female labor; but it is in vain to tell poor women in the city, without means or experience, to get into the country, and go to cultivating the ground. Not much, we believe, can be said in favor of truck raising, even in the vicinity of large cities, unless it is carried on in an extensive and scientific manner. The middle man comes in between the producer and consumer, and absorbs the greater part of the profit. Undoubtedly women will, in time, engage in agricultural labor to a considerably larger extent than they now do. Already in the West many thousands of the strong, healthy, Swedish, German and Welsh women, who have brought their habits of out-door labor along with them, go into the harvest fields, and are found to make excellent hands. Still, we do not suppose that our native American population will ever, to any great extent, become agricultural laborers, nor do we wish to see them made into pack-mules and out-door drudges, like some of the lowest of the female peasantry of Europe.

Women can and do carry on farms with great skill and success. We know a town where the two richest farmers are women—widows left with encumbered estates which they cleared of debt and doubled in value. The talent for overseeing land and conducting agricultural operations belongs to many women



## The Revolution.

and such can have no pleasanter or more healthful business; but we do not anticipate that lone women, with little or no means, will ever be very powerful agents in doing pioneer work on the soil.

We believe horticultural schools, similar to the one near Boston, might be established with good results in the neighborhood of all our large cities, in connection with industrial homes for poor girls picked out of the street, and saved from want and shame. Morally, nothing better or purer could be afforded them than such contact with nature and the beautiful influences of flowers and growing things. It would be a literal restoration of many of the otherwise miserable, lost descendants of our first parents to that garden they were given to dress and keep.

### "THE GREAT QUESTIONS OF THE DAY."

Wendell Phillips, the virtual king of a goodly portion of ye American citizens, appeared in this metropolis on Tuesday evening of last week, and administered a castigation to a crowd of hearers in our beautiful Steinway Hall, laying on the stripes by no means with a whip of small cords.

The prophet had been summoned to charm us in our hours of recreation with his eloquence, but he came and refused to sing us a song—refused to speak—save in warning and rebuke.

The hour was fraught with too much significance to waste a single atom of its golden sands. He would speak of the *Great Questions of the Day*. The first and most threatening breaker ahead of us was *Intemperance*.

Even in our own proud city, how stood the case? The reins of power grappled tightly by a clique of *five hundred* administering the law through *three thousand deputies*, every one of whom ought to be hung!—

And the people cried "Amen!" England, Russia, Prussia might rule masses of debased and drunken humanity, but the sacred Goddess of *American Liberty* could neither afford nor endure to draw after her chariot such *chunks* of impotent misery.

The Saxon race still struggled with two canker spots of a past barbarism—the lust of ambition and the lust of intemperance. America was its grand arena. The present Republican party was sick at heart and trembling to its fall, for it had made gold its idol, before which it prostrated itself in Wall street and Washington, and eagerly worshipped.

The present tendency of humanity was to mass itself in cities, and the control and proper education of those cities became one of the grand questions of the day. In America there was no reserve force in the hour of political peril; our only hope was in the amount of intelligence and self-respect possessed by the mass, and no political party had yet proposed a plan by which the great body of the people could be instructed and elevated to meet the emergencies which were rapidly hastening upon us.

The first and most important duty of government was to close the doors of those fountains of poison, which so many enfeebled natures had no power to pass without yielding to temptation. "Give me power to pass *one door* which I will point out to you," said a

millionaire to an illustrious female lecturer "and I will share my fortune with you!"

That door the *law* must close, in mercy to the victim, and in its own self-defence.

The next peril that loomed before us was the proper adjustment of the relations of Capital and Labor. Our own terrible civil war—the European contest, whose mutterings were still dying in the distance, were but as whispers to the trumpet which might be most surely anticipated if the demands of Labor were not respected by Capital.

In Europe, Prussia has recently gained the last victory which despotism was booked for in the history of our race. And France, crushed, stripped and bleeding, was stronger, even in this dark hour of her distress than the brute who for a brief period held her in ignominious captivity. France, with all her faults and errors, had done a grand work for humanity in ages past, and if she might be sneered at as *volcanic*, was at least, a more potent agency for good than German *mud*.

The powerful military system which Bismarck had inaugurated, and which was, indeed, the perfection of despotic scientific rule, would cause his name to be a by-word and a curse among future generations. The workingman, the laborer, was destined to overthrow this last and mightiest production of despotism, and our grandchildren, elevated in the scale of civilization, would look back on the period when millionaires and court tyrants lorded it over the masses with the same indignation and horror which we now experience in contemplating the oppressions of early barbaric hordes.

Lastly, Mr. Phillips alluded to the pressing necessity for the admittance of woman to political duty and power. With a beautiful and graphic sketch of the influence of the element of *Society* in our modern civilization, and the pointing out the secret of its power in the fact that it afforded a *grand plane* where the sexes *worked together*, he closed his fervent and eloquent appeal by an emphatic declaration that he *trained* with the woman suffrage party.

### NEW YORK CITY-SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION.

MARCH 10, 1871.

The meeting came to order at 3 P. M. Mrs. Blake in the chair. Secretary's report was read and accepted.

Dr. Fuller Walker, of the *Globe*, was introduced and read an able paper on the "Rise and Progress of the Woman Movement." He said that he was deeply interested in, and confident of ultimate victory—Emancipation of the negro being a political necessity—we must make our emancipation a necessity also, which we were *doing*, by demanding equal rights. The opposition of Mrs. Sherman and followers, (women of wealth, who have never felt the necessity of equal pay for equal labor), would tend to help us. Their petition would only live long enough to attend its own funeral. A man's marriage "like a coach which merely stopped for a passenger" moved onward as before, but with women the whole tenor of life was changed; he disclaimed against it; assured men that suffrage should not rend asunder happy homes or hearts, but was merely to put women on their feet. Men starved women's intellects on their diet of small talk and flattery then complained of their incapacity to understand questions of

state. He hoped soon to hear the bell of women's independence ring clearly and universally. The cry of "unsex" is a sham by men set up to conceal the want of honor and principle in politics. The polls were now fit as they ever would be for woman *without* her direct influence. He concluded with great applause.

Mrs. Hallock thought in going to vote we could not encounter viler men than at the Tombs, a place men considered truly womanly for *us*, as missionaries. She approved of women commencing before men reached that depth of degradation by demanding purity and *virtue* from them, and daily discountenancing sin. We must now take a decided stand.

After some able remarks from Mrs. Wilbour (who always says good things) to the effect that suffrage was more a manifestation of equality than sudden renovator or "panacea" of all misery, the meeting adjourned.

Rev. Mr. Clark will deliver the next address.

E. A. JENNINGS,

31 Union Square.

### Special Notices.

We know of no more eminent and successful druggists in the United States than H. T. Helmbold, 594 Broadway, New York city. We are certain there are none in these United States who patronize printer's ink to a greater extent. We are positive in the assertion, and have no hesitancy in saying that each and every one of Helmbold's preparations possess all the curative powers claimed for them, while we are sure that among all the proprietary medicines in existence, Helmbold's ranks as first and foremost, not only among the people, but among druggists and regular physicians. The one preparation alone, and known among medicine men as "Helmbold's Fluid Extract of Buchu," has made him the popular man he is, and has so placed his medicines as to be without a rival or even an equal. This one medicine alone, Helmbold's Buchu, is so pure in its ingredients, and so positive in its curative powers, as to overcome the prejudices of the regular fraternity, and to such an extent that regular physicians in New York and elsewhere are freely recommending it for all diseases of the kidneys and kindred organs, for female weaknesses, and for diseases consequent upon a change of climate and habits of dissipation.

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## The Revolution.

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RETENTION OF URINE, DISEASES OF THE PRO-  
STATE GLAND, STONE IN THE BLADDER, CALCULI,  
GRAVEL, BRICKDUST DEPOSIT, AND MU-  
COUS OR MILKY DISCHARGES, AND FOR EN-  
FEEBLED AND DELICATE CONSTITUTIONS OF  
BOTH SEXES.

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HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU IS DIURETIC  
AND BLOOD-PURIFYING, AND CURES ALL DIS-  
EASE ARISING FROM HABITS OF DISSIPATION,  
AND EXCESSES AND IMPRUDENCES IN LIFE,  
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